

"FELICE NOTTE"

By Irene Putnam.
God sent the little golden bees of sleep
To murmur in the blossom of your ear
Their gentle summer-songs to you, my dear!
And may the grey, fortune-telling dreams
Draw you beneath their painted tent and take
Your palm and tell you fortunes, rosy gleams
Too sweet to be remembered when you wake.
Once may your hazy hazy lids unfold
Calm in the pleasant glow of the moon.
The happiest stars in heaven may you behold,
And pray, and sigh for joy, and slumber soon.

WHEN LOVE'S A-SIGHING.

May 20.

It is all over. Our engagement is broken, and the only thing I can do is to make the best of it. There is no alternative. She will never take me back again—but I shall always, always, always love her. And to have lost her! Even now I do not know quite how it happened. I suppose it was my insane jealousy. But that was only because I loved her so. It has always irritated me beyond measure to see Jack Willis devoting himself to her, trying to win that which was another man's, especially as that other man was myself. So I have no doubt that I behaved abominably, for I felt sure he would keep on with his detestable attentions after she was my wife. My wife—

Oh Rosamond, Rosamond! My Rosamond never more! . . . The beautiful days are gone. The love dream is past. I dare not look into the future, and it is madness to turn back to that which can never come again.

I am bewildered and heartless. . . . This is the only day away from time that I can have in which to pull myself together. To-morrow I must face the club, and that means the world. To-day I can allow myself the luxury of thought, the dreary sweetness of memory, the bitterness of despair. To-morrow all this must be hidden so no one will be able to guess whether or not "It has gone hard with Dick." Yet, after all, the world will forget it in a few days. . . . Would that I could too!

And she? . . . If she would only take me back again! I would go to her and humble myself to any extent if it would move her in the least. Some women would be more yielding. Rosamond takes things too seriously. Of course, I knew that she was as true as steel—still I wanted to be reassured. I wanted her to come to me and put her arms around my neck and pet me, and tell me that Jack Willis was an odious, empty-headed egotist, a vain, sentimental dabbler in poetry, without even a reflected ray of some borrowed spark of genius. A vile worm of the dust, not worthy to crawl along a path trodden by my valet in a pair of my cast-off shoes.

Instead of which, she stood very tall and fair and stately, and I felt myself wither and shrivel up under her steady gaze. (To be perfectly honest, I must say that Jack's volume of verses has made quite a hit in literary circles—though I cannot see anything very extraordinary about them.)

But I was jealous and I was unreasonable, for I knew that Rosamond might well be thinking of my three waltzes with Kathie Perkins—but that had only been to make Rosamond jealous and so balance accounts.

So, instead of going across the room to her and begging her forgiveness, I began to fret—and fuss, I suppose—until I had worked myself into a passion, especially felt when she took sides for Jack against me, and said that he was unusually gifted and agreeable. . . . If she had only indulged me a little! For a man craves the luxury of sometimes sulking for the sake of being cajoled into better nature by an extravagant show of affection.

But Rosamond simply stood calm and white before me, with compressed lips, and with such a look of hopelessness and dumb entreaty that I could have cast myself at her feet. Some absurd feeling that she scorned me kept me from doing so. . . . and that was the way I left her. In bitterness, she? . . .

Good God! I would go to her and lay bare my very soul if she would only take me back—but she will not.

This is the end of two years of love. Love as true as was ever given woman. This is the end of five months of happiness. Happiness as complete as was ever given man. In a few more weeks she was to be my wife. . . .

Now I have not the right to hold her hand. I shall never take her in my arms again. I shall never see her beautiful head droop until it rests against my breast and I kiss her fair hair. The color will never come and go at my approach, nor that wonderful light in her eyes ever shine for me. Ah, Rosamond!

The sweet companionship has forever gone from my life. I am alone.

I fancied I could perhaps ease my mind by writing out my thoughts, after the fashion of people in bookland, but that is impossible. The one thing that continually grinds and grinds itself through my brain is "I love Rosamond and I have lost her. . . . and that is breaking my heart"—which written here looks so meaningless and feeble that I find no solace in making a confidant of my journal.

May 23.
I went to the club last night, but the men were either a little constrained or unnaturally cheerful in trying to conceal their sympathy from me, so I shall not go there again until that is worn off. How is a man to dissemble when his heart is like lead in his breast, and his brain is beclouded with unhappiness? Ah, the world is so black and life is such a dreary thing! I haven't many virtues, but I am not enough of a cad or a beast to try to drown my wretchedness in the flowing bowl—besides, I do not care to supplement an aching heart with an aching head.

May 25.
I went to the theatre last night, only to come away at the end of the first act. Last year, when Irving was here, Mrs. Scott-Jenken gave a theatre party. I remembered how much more attention I gave Rosamond's profile than to the fortunes of a Becket, and Rosamond's air was that of one a little distracted from that which was supposed to be interesting behind the footlights. . . . It is so odd now to go anywhere without her.

May 27.
Tried the last symphony concert, but the music stirred up the devil of a tragedy in me. Violins have such an agonizing way of playing with your emotions until your heart swells as if it would burst. . . . Still, these concerts have been rather joyous occasions. Will it always be "have been," "have been"—or everything that continually emphasizes the wretched present.

May 29.
Dropped in at the club last night, but I have been absent so much this last year that I could not get into the swing of it. If it were not so cowardly I should leave town, run away, anything to escape associations. I cannot go to the florist or the bookstore without thinking that I shall never see Rosamond any more flowers or books. And the art exhibitions! How I shall miss talking the latest things over with her. She loved music so! Her voice was so full-toned and sweet. . . . And we shall never drift away from the others, into the dear, dim library, and sit by the open fire. . . . What a look of love I surprised in her eyes that night—can it be possible that she can drop all this without a quiver? And last summer, how everything seemed made new for us. The sky was never so blue, the grass never so green, the air never so full of intoxicating fragrance, and the sun was never so bright. The birds, the flowers, the sea—her smile—my heart—the rapture of living!

June 5.
I have simply got to run away. I saw Rosamond to-day as she was driving in the Park. She gave me a bow which meant nothing whatever. Neither pleasure nor regret. I thought she was a little pale. Now I know that I must go where I cannot run the risk of daily meeting her. I am beaten. I cannot pull myself together again. In spite of the fact that I have gone over this whole thing again and again—her love and mine, and the end—I cannot face the old associations nor her. My future is about all I can face now. I wonder whether or not she cares. If she misses the old days? If she misses me? If her life is as complete? If she thinks of me? . . . I am goaded to desperation by the old truth repeating itself forever in my thoughts. "Brief as woman's love." Man's is enduring enough!

June 13.
If hell is a place of torture, I was in it last night. Any one who has been there knows what I mean. At any former time, under other circumstances, it would have been heaven. I reread all Rosamond's notes and letters—those dear letters that have been read and reread before, and kissed again and again. Letters so full of tenderness and self-surrender, of passion and love for me. . . . and I burned them. I made a packet of her pictures, excepting the miniature she gave me a month ago, and addressed it to her. Then I spent the night with detached sentences from her letters repeating themselves in my brain.

June 18, at sea.
I have turned my back upon the world—for she was all the world to me. I suppose it is the coward in my nature that has asserted itself, and refuses to try to brave without the same inspiration. With her, I could have conquered worlds, though, to be truthful, about all I cared to do was to dawdle at her feet. . . . Those days are gone. And, since the light of her eyes is withheld from me, I dare say my steps may turn downward.

Fourth day.
Her name is Betty Raymond. It suits her so well, she is such a bright, coquettish, dainty little creature. Her mother is a sort of invalid, and I found I could be of use to them in moving her steamer chair to a more sheltered place this morning.

Fourth day out! Four days away from home and Rosamond! But I do not like to think about it. It is a man's duty to be self-reliant and courageous.

Fifth day.
Mrs. Raymond bowed to me so cordially that I crossed the deck to talk with her. The weather is decidedly nasty, but Betty does not seem to mind it. Her hair only curls the prettier in the mist and dampness, which makes a decided contrast to the straggly locks of the other women. It makes them look frumpy. Weather unfavorable to well-curled fringes is one of the things a usual woman cannot rise above. I am positive that Betty is a coquette, and a very charming one, too. She has wonderful purplish blue eyes and long curling lashes, a white skin and dusky hair. She has, in fact, a bewitching way of suddenly looking a man full in his eyes, then as suddenly looking down, so that the long lashes positively shadow her cheeks. Rosamond was always above feminine tricks. Well, she did not need them.

Sixth day.
In a few more hours our voyage will be over and I am to continue my wanderings. Last night Mrs. Raymond gave me permission to take Betty on deck, and we walked up and down, up and down, in the mist. She wore the collar of her ulster turned up to the tips of her ears, so that a part of the pretty curls were imprisoned. One strand of hair blew about in a very riotous fashion and touched my cheek—but I do not think that she was conscious of it. It was really quite pleasant—the walk, I mean—and helped me forget the bitter past. We talked of all sorts of things. She is very clever. Then we went downstairs and she brought me a volume of sonnets to read to her. It choked me a little, for they were the very ones I used to read to Rosamond last summer. There was one I fancied I could never read to any one else. . . . queer Betty should have chosen it. . . .

June 26.
We said goodbye to-day, and I am about to take up my weary march through European cities, cathedrals and art galleries. It is not a very blithesome thing to do, considering the fact that it was with Rosamond I expected to see them this summer. Mrs. Raymond and Betty go to Holland. They hoped we should meet again, but we probably shall not, for we were only birds of passage together.

August 12.
There has been little to write, in spite of the fact that several weeks have gone by. I find it rather dreary by myself, and often wish I had taken advantage of Mrs. Raymond's suggestion to spend a month in Holland. I am tempted to go to Antwerp, as they may have gone there from Dordrecht by this time, though I should probably miss them. It was so imbecile of me not to know their address and plans more definitely. Still it is without doubt a matter of indifference to them whether I join them or stay here in Wiesbaden.

Antwerp, August 29.
Well, well, this is luck! Whom should I meet to-day in the Plantin Court but Betty, with I regret to say, a German count. . . . von Statt, I think she said. He glared at me, and he might, for Betty's greeting was very cordial, and I fancied the surprise—could it have been pleasure?—brought a dash of red to her cheeks. Then Mrs. Raymond seemed suddenly to appear from the midst of the vines, and we all wandered around together for a delightful hour.

August 31.
Ah, me! Summer is nearly over. I am sorry. Antwerp is certainly a most charming old place. I could linger here for months provided the day went as agreeably as these last two. It helps me forget the unpleasant past. I only wish I had come here before. Yes, Antwerp is most charming.

September 3.
Mrs. Raymond has allowed Betty to play guide, so she has shown me her favorite paintings and the most historic spots. Someway I feel that it is a little unfair in me to feign so much interest in Dutch art, for I really care very little about it. But Betty never beres one by expecting a rapturous pose of mind, as it were, over these old Flemish treasures. It is a great relief to my stiff and staid manner, my feet once I did not realize it at the time, but Rosamond kept me rather keyed up to her ideals. Betty understands men better and idealizes less. Her merry glances seem to say, "I take you men for what you are, and intend to get a good share of my amusement from you."

September 4.
I cannot understand whether Betty is playing with me or not. She is perfectly open in her country, and her devotion as if it were her right, as it most certainly is. She does not seem to bother her pretty head about love or constancy, so I am uncertain as to how much her smiles and fleeting sidelong glances at Graff von Statt mean. She is extraordinarily handsome, with most eloquently sentimental eyes. His manners unmistakably suggest familiarity with court life, yet I hear that he is rather impoverished and is in the lookout for a rich wife, whose money will put him in the order, for I really care very little about it. I find it difficult to speculate about Betty's marrying von Statt.

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MODERN FURNITURE.

HOW IT REVEALS ITS OWNER.

THE WISDOM OF BUYING ONLY SUCH FURNITURE AS IS NECESSARY—THE VARIOUS BEAUTIFUL KINDS OF FURNITURE—THE COMMON-EST FAULT IN MODERN WORK.

From The Magazine of Art.
The furniture of a living room is such patent evidence for or against its owner that the difference with which it is sometimes treated is matter for reflection. It is not a question of being and in the rarest Spanish leather. It is a question of what the owner thinks of his habits of life; suggestions of his belongings and antecedents, of all the many individualities, flash upon you from these silent witnesses. In the dainty inlaid cabinet and the fastidious of the scholar and the artist; and, again, in the ponderous gilt mirror and the false lines of the sofa, situate an unconscious and a workmanlike sensibility, of a certain callousness which results from a poorly fitted nature. The power of design and the skill of workmanship necessary to make really beautiful furniture is rare, but hardly less

September 10.
Betty asked me this morning if I were sure I had never even fancied myself in love before. If I were quite sure I love her. . . . so I have told her that I had been engaged to her a little while, but that we were not suited to each other, and fortunately found it out before it was too late. I knew I must tell her, though it made me feel like a brute, for it seemed to her that I was lying. . . . I told her that I was in love with her, and she seemed to think that I had been engaged to her a little while, but that we were not suited to each other, and fortunately found it out before it was too late. I knew I must tell her, though it made me feel like a brute, for it seemed to her that I was lying. . . . I told her that I was in love with her, and she seemed to think that I had been engaged to her a little while, but that we were not suited to each other, and fortunately found it out before it was too late. 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